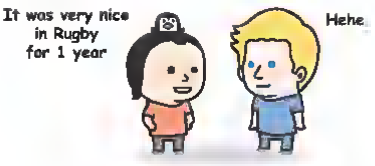
Let's pack

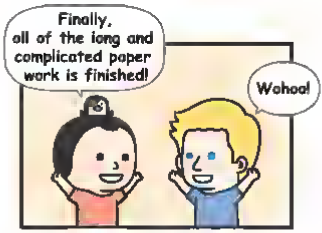
There are a few things have changed ta me and Mev in the last few months.

One thing is that Mev got a job in a callege.

Another thing is that the tenancy far aur flat has almast finished sa we will move ta a new flat t hat is claser ta Mev's work.



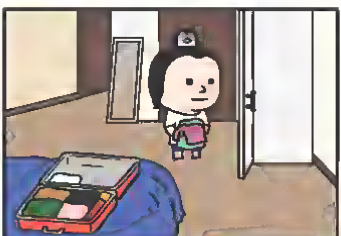
It was sad that I had to leave the place after I had gotten used to it, but it was definitely exciting that we were starting fresh in a new place.



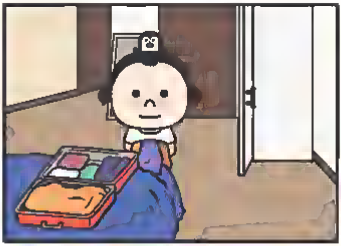
We finished all of the preparation for buying the new flat.

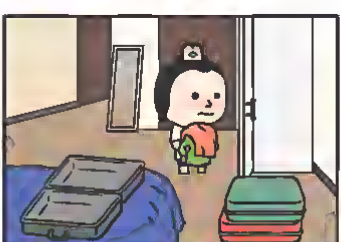
A few days before the moving day, we started to pack our stuff.

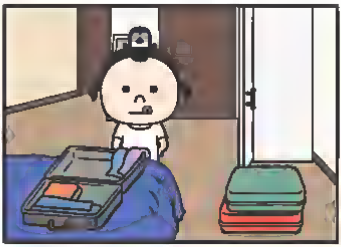
I opened my wardrobe doors.



And I started with my
thick winter clothes.



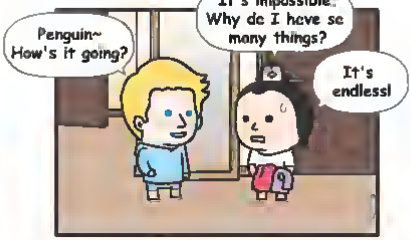




Although I carried and packed
many clothes for a long time,
I felt that the wardrobe wasn't
getting any emptier.

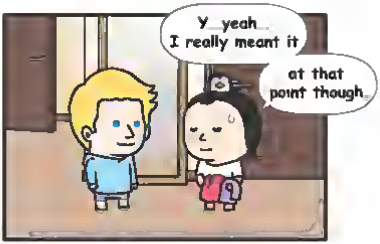
The number of full suitcases
was increasing.

It didn't seem as if it would ever end.
It made me sigh.



Mev had already almost finished packing his books when he came into the room.

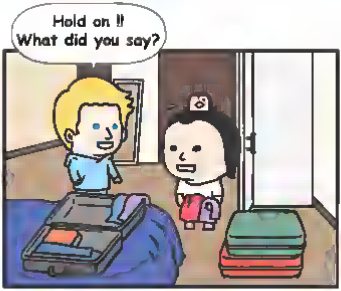
After he saw that I was struggling with my clothes, he told me what I used to say.



I couldn't help reflecting on myself...

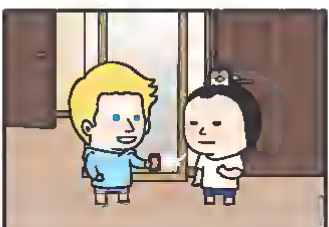
And as I started to get sick of packing clothes, ...

... I starting criticising my future self

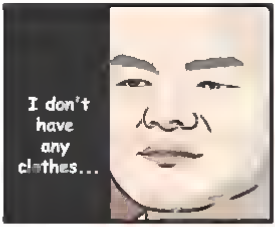


Mev didn't want to miss
the chance of course.

He pressed the record button
on his phone to use it as evidence



I breothed out once and
opened my mouth with o serious foce.



... Just in case...
because a woman's mind is like
a reed in the wind...